

Translations by Adeline Theis and Alexander Taylor:

Rowing, Conversations

by Bertolt Brecht

It's evening. Two boats
glide past. In them
two naked young men. Side by side
rowing, they talk. Talking
they row side by side.

Sled Romance

by Heinz Piontek

Their faster sleds
will catch up to you,

they will consider you
a wolf in your sheepskin

and will suggest a new direction
to you with their thumbs:

With noisy bells
you will travel into exile.

You

by Hans-Jürgen Heise

-
They have shot you
driven me off

And now with weapons
they defend your grave
against my flowers